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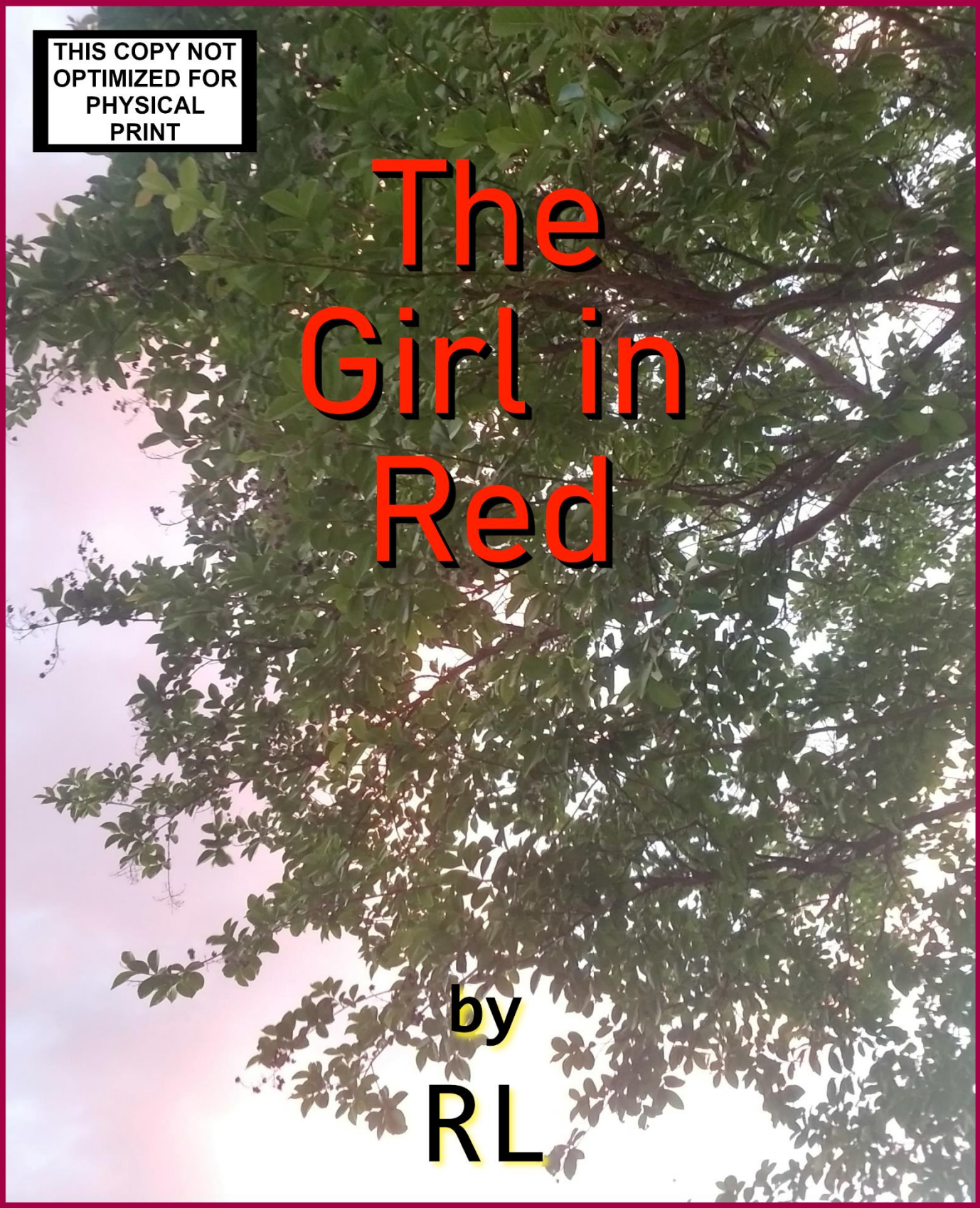
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The Girl in Red
by
RL

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Published digitally in the United States of America

The Girl in Red

by

RL

Written October 2016 – February 2019

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Is the world full of fools? Well, I guess you can't eat unless you're hungry.

Birdie

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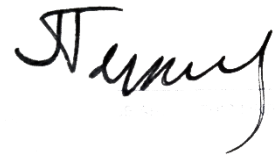
Prelude

The poems in this book were written from October 2016 to February 2019, mostly spanning my years before high school and some at the start of high school. All poetry within this book has been formatted so that stanzas start and end on the same page.

This book includes poems I wrote as I was just starting out, therefore several of them are attempts of mine to explain something in a voice that wasn't mine. I think of *The Girl in Red* as a debut release for my works of poetry sort of how Radiohead's *Pablo Honey* was, complete with its underdeveloped themes, voice, and perspectives. With my initial poetry being written before even high school, I used a much more direct and uncharacteristically shallow voice to write, so anyone hoping to make criticisms of the work should probably note that I share many of the criticisms they would. This work is a rough read, coming from a more developed RL to the former, version of myself, who had not yet even imagined a name such as RL or poetry as more than just a passing curiosity. Despite all these things, this collection exists so that nothing is left out of my poetry.

The Girl in Red encompasses poems written at a time when I did not have a well-defined voice, was often emotionally charged and immature. In fact, a lot of what's written in *The Girl in Red* is probably some of the worst attempts at poetry I've ever had the misfortune to create. Make no mistake, *The Girl in Red* comes from the perspective of someone weighed down by a heavy depression and clinging to find hope in places that would end up causing regrets later on. It's not pretty. However, as I've said, I find it necessary to wade through the swath of poor poems every now and then to read the ones which I find situationally useful. The part of me that has written this is a part of me I have (thankfully) largely lost, but what is lost in the world lives on in the written word.



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Sister Poems and Series

Very few poems in this collection were linked as they were written. As a result, there are only a couple sister poems and series included in *The Girl in Red*. Sister poems cover similar topics in generally the same way, and series can include more than two poems and often are structured more in a way that makes their content tie in directly to other poems in the series.

Sister Poems

- "A More Sensible Lifestyle" *and* "A More Eventful Lifestyle"

Series

- Blue
    - "The Girl in Blue" *and* "Red and Blue"

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A Vase Full of Blood

Twas once a disease, put plainly.
A horrid one; ungainly.
So foul, so tragic to befall upon us all.
The ghast came in at moonfall.

My brother fell ill and was struck,
With this awful thing, what luck!
I sat by his bedside in the room's corner.
He said, "Tell me, where be my love? I miss her."

No answer was handed back that day.
He passed on to a brighter way.
A glass vase was brought near.
And was filled with his blood and my tears.

Oh why? This was not the person I knew!
The disease, was all along in you!
Tell someone, did you?
Or was a secret too great to reveal?

Later on, the specter came back.
Onto me, his evil attack.
I wish to be somewhere else than in bed,
Than to be just another man dead.

I saw what this sickness had done.
I saw where the end had begun.
I'd been down this road before.
And all behind his big birch door.

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This was my time to fight!
My end will not be of plight!
I saw what pain he endured.
“Illness wasn’t fate!” I swore.

I slashed my hand and fell asleep.
“No pain means no life,” They say and weep.
I could not fathom why I should live in pain.
My vase full of blood; a life without stain.

Destruction de l'Amour

Emotion is a funny thing. We mostly have control.
This is sometimes not the case. When you live inside a hole.
“Now this one time is my last time. I shall do it no more.”
Yet I got on one more time. That phrase I don't l’amour.

I stepped into the cart of doom, at the amusement park.
I rode all day, all afternoon, and after it got dark.
I rode the day before, last week, and then again once more.
“I never seem to get fulfilled.” That phrase I don't l’amour.

All of my life and childhood, that horrid ride consumed.
From the start I knew that this would result in final doom.
Even then I thought that I should rest and think some more.
“I'll just go on it one last time.” That phrase I don't l’amour.

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My head was filled with passing winds as I sped along the track.
I watched as people stared at me and watched the brutal attack.
My body was flung from the cart and now I say therefore,
If someone is addicted to something,
And you know but say nothing,
Don't let them be at fault of their Destruction de l'Amour.

Purpose of Mine

What's more to life than a pebble in the street?
What am I other than some flesh and meat?
What is my purpose and why am I here?
To follow the code and to do what you hear.

Is that the end and only conclusion?
Or is it the compass of life's grandest delusion?
No, they say I am more than that.
But they say life itself is at the drop of a hat.

Others say purpose and self interest is key.
Or just the sensation of one's mind feeling free.
Me, I know what I choose to believe.
That purpose is subjective, and all answers are unachieved.

Before

You are more,
Than you were before.
I will not think of
He who was before.

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A New Love

Just one day changed the way I see you.
You showed me how much I need you.
My mind had gone completely insane.
My head full of suicide and pain.

Though you said no two years ago,
I still come back to you.
Though he's with you and I still not,
I desperately need your smile.

I wished my life away be taken,
Because you were not near me.
“I thought you didn't like me though.”
What words! A sad thought to conceive.

So please, won't you come back to me?
I know how it is, how it might be.
My heart beats for you alone.
You are the one, and your love is my home.

Nyctophobia

It's a vicious cycle.
I turn around and who is there?
Nobody, yet I am scared.
I go and look and I was right.
Was nobody there like I thought.

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I am not myself anymore.
Scared and angry now.
Glad and optimistic then.
All because of nyctophobia.

In times lost, I would say good morning to chairs,
Run in the nonlight and act as a game.
In times now, I would scream and shudder,
Run in the nonlight and hope no one came.

I can't live like that anymore.
I am permanently scarred.
I need help but you hear nothing.
I hate this veil on me, now life is hard.

You did this to me,
As much as I did it to myself.
My existence is stained with a mark.
And life is really freakin dark.

I Can Write a Haiku.

“Add that word and done!”
I know how to write, you clod.
“But I am still right.”

USsia.

Мир?
Yes.

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A More Sensible Lifestyle

I wish to live a more sensible lifestyle.
I want to be more not me.
I wish to stop my mind from wandering,
Lest it should take me back to thee.

For you are the cause of all my problems,
And I can't change that at all.
I get my mind away from you,
But come back and run into war.

You ruined my life at every month,
At every time of day.
I am a puppet to do your bidding,
At the end of it all, I will pay.

This has got to stop, good sir.
I cannot make it end.
My life, they think, is perfect bliss.
But my life is imperfect bend.

Unspoken, untouched, who goes through my pain?
Nobody. None at all.
My life I spend inside a spiral.
A demonic, tormenting, hole.

I want to go away. To go there and go away.
Every day is one spent with you.
My captor. Escape is a gauntlet.
This thing you've done, I cannot undo!

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The Girl in Red

“Hi there.” “Hi.” Don't leave.
She left. I can't believe,
That she thinks that,
I'm a creep. But I weep.

Like a gun, under her control,
Is like flame, but relaxing though.
I say two words, she answers.
Her expression is soft fire.

Her smile makes me lose my mind.
My heart skips and I don't feel fine.
Is it fake? All just a ruse? I don't
Think she can be unamused.

She says I'm a creep, but,
I only want a friend.
She gets away just as fast,
As the words had just been said.

I can't lose hope now. I just can't.
I only want someone to talk to.
A red sweater walks quickly away.
And a blue one wants somebody like you.

Time drops. Time falls.
As the small red digit
Drops one digit lower,
It ticks, tocks, and falls.

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Found none, but searching still.
Let time be stopped
So I may find her.
But time refused to stand still.

The clock burns, presses at my heel.
It taunts me like
An unreachable goal.
My head feels fuzzy, I cannot feel.

My soul has melted.
Let the stress begin.
Let the clock start to rise.
Or let my existence begin to die.

I put my trust in you.
To deliver my message to her.
The clock is me.
And I pray it won't stop.

Her hair like a soft wave on the shores.
Her face like a flower, a rose.
Her voice like a softening light.
Her shyness makes my heart slow.

Her heart can't be mine, I know.
I, she, I can't jump ahead.
She seems like the one.
I'd rather be half dead.

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I'm just a stranger, I guess?
Just some guy in the rain?
I'm not sure how this will turn out.
Just friends? I think I'm in…
Sane.

All I want is mutual friendship.
Take away the holiday.
Take away my time.
Take away my money.
But give me mutual friendship.

I am alone and you are alone.
You want to be alone.
But soon enough you finally see
Why it's tough to live alone.

What you need is a place to rest.
A friend who will give you his very best.
What I need is somebody to give my soul to.
Mutual loneliness I want with you.

She's like a cupcake.
Unhealthy for me.
But good to someone else.

It's physical beauty, who cares?
Not me, she's not really an option.
You made up your mind.
She made up her mind.
That's why I shouldn't mind.

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It's really not a good idea.
Look past the body.
Look into the mind.
The girl in red is better than her.

Don't it seem lonely?
You ever get that feeling?
Anxiety, a lack of affection?
Did you ever want a hug,
To just melt away in?

The winter is cold.
Gather in our warmth.
A true friend to tell,
All your fears and worries.
And understand it all.

Human emotion, fantastic thing.
It's not weird, it's friendship.
Let's create this thing, shall we?
Let's be friends and take,
All the sorrows of Earth away.

I don't ask much of you.
I simply want someone to be
Always there for me. And I
Will be always there for you.
It's my last resort. Please.

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I can't live alone anymore.
I need someone to understand.
It's been a nightmare for many days.
I want you to hold my hand.
And let me know.
That the girl in red,
Will never leave me alone.

How much I want a friend.
Sad thoughts plague my head.
What if, what then?
Be a friend and my heart will mend.

I wish we could just one day,
Spend a day relaxing.
Head on heart, hand on ear.
Embrace, melt away.

A soft, gentle voice.
A loving, kind person.
They tell you awful things.
And I feel terrible.

I want to take you to a meal.
So we can finally chat freely.
And discuss your life, your day.
To say, “I know how you are feeling.”

The best of times I wish to spend
With you and little other.
The same thing goes for times that make,
You feel a lot of displeasure.

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Don't ever leave my life.
I like the girl in red.
It pleases me to know,
That you're the only girl in my head.

A bruise on my head.
I'm not dead.
One last poem.
Friend or no friend.

It's fine now.
Glad she is here.
The girl in red.
Stopped wearing red.

My life was torn.
I want a friend.
I have a friend,
The girl instead.

I will always love you
No matter the day or emotion.
I cannot be mad at someone like you.
I will be glad when you are around.
I wish to spend my time with you.
And make sure your every need is accounted for.
So how do you perceive it?
Obsession?
Or pure adoration?

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I sit in the park, alone.
I have a sad, lonely thought.
Now this is pretty good,
But you know what would make it better?
Her.

All I want anymore.
Is my friends back.
Just a day to be free,
I'm all by myself under these sheets.
Nobody loves me but me.
The girl in red, I love her so.
I'm going insane, I know.
My days I spend bored.
But they say,
Go find friends.
I say.
Yandere.

Days roll by.
Emotions pass by.
But one thing does not change.
My affection for her.
The girl in red.
I'd do anything for you.
The days are checked off,
One day at a time.
Waiting.
So I can see her again.
Love you forever.
Just us together.
I'm all alone.
And I can't keep my thoughts away from you.

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The Abomination

This is an abomination.
A girl on her phone 30% of the day.
A boy making innuendo every sentence.
They have no real emotion.
They're there to look pretty.

They are white-washed tombs.
What do they add to society?
Nothing. Nothing at all.
They add no love.
Nor peace nor effort.

A life being wasted.
For no reason at all.
There was a reason for their birth.
They just don't care.
So why do they exist?

Crazed

Crazed, fazed, in a haze,
In a maze, unpraised, and dazed,
Guess that's how I'll spend
The rest of my days.

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Paper

This is a poem on paper.
It is not on paper,
Yet that it is.
You see,
Paper is made from trees.
My thoughts are on these.

This poem is not on trees.
It is on what comes from trees.
Mental paper is colorless, and odorless.
Physical paper is not what this poem is on.
My mental paper being burnt.
From this world of things.
Digital paper. Physical things.

Paper paper isn't mental paper.
And many poems aren't on paper,
But this one is, but what's the point?
Cause mental paper cuts deeper.

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A More Eventful Lifestyle

It's been complete.
Your time is done.
You can leave.
Life’s begun.
It's over, man.
Get out of my brain.
Selfish greed.
No more pain.
It's useless now.
I've moved ahead.
3 more days.
Addiction’s dead.

No Offense, but You're Annoying

No offense to you, o great Britain land,
Or the queen or the people there.
But here's my opinion, so hear me out.
Wanna call and complain? Too bad.

You're accent is dumb and grating.
Your slang is bodge.
You drink too much tea.
And are generally unpleasant.

But that's nothing compared to America.
They're stupid and self absorbed.
And pose a threat to world peace.
And obesity is practically growing as well.

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Oh well. We're both bad.
We both have our faults.
Nobody can change that.
But only time will tell.
Cheers, dude.

Great Powers, Greater Enemies.

Hey Russia. It's me.
I know we had our skirmishes.
But we shouldn't fight now.
Why shouldn't we unite?

Many call me horrible names
For having interest in you.
But Russia’s neat and interesting.
So I'll keep studying you.

Strongest country plus largest nation.
We're bound to make a difference.
We shouldn't start another battle.
Russia, don't give us the
Cold shoulder.

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Strings and Vegetable Juice

Eat up! Get it while it's stringy.
This again? Is this all we have?
It's a catch all, isn't it?
What should be for dinner tonight?
An Italian dish. Uninteresting.
Tasteless.
Red stringy sadness.

Strongest, Mightiest, Masochist

A man sat in the remains of a great city, now fallen.
He thinks. What causes all our problems?
He points a finger at them, but they are faultless.
The people live through pain as do the others.

The bombs fall for a second time in the land.
We live, step on the weak man.
The world is our battleground for our
Superior race. Let us reign with power!

The walls are closing in. The gates are closed.
The air fills the room. We are disposed.
Few escape the labor and suffering.
The man who started it ended the unending.

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Cream Beans, Ice Green

Things that make your mouth die.
Does the fire exist?
Things inside an unsweet pie.
Can your tongue resist?

Things that make you heavy.
Does the sugar desist?
Things that make you feel all crazy.
Flavorful with a twist?

Things that make your mind run wild.
Sinful, shameful bliss.
Why can't I see the end?
Demon's deadly kiss.

All this sugar and madness and shame,
My life must be a miss.
Let me go, oh let me be!
In hell you shall exist.

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Point 6

I'm in love
With a polygon.
Got six sides
And a single one,
Can enlighten my day,
Fill me with cheer,
Show power and style,
Hexagons are here.

Paper Girlfriend

Be cool
She's a slave
She's mine
I'm a fool

Be classy
She's odd
She's a piece of paper
I'm nasty

Why do we do these things?
It's dumb.
I'm falling again into
Stupid love.

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I write about her
Every day.
I'm insane again.
I can't stay.

Hold Me.

Rub my hair.
Whisper into my ear.
Clutch to the side of my body.
Tell me that you love me.

The girl in red.
I'm still aching for your touch.

Lay your head on my chest.
Plant kisses on my cheeks and neck.
Love me with all of your heart.
You rip my emotions apart.

7/25

On 7/25
I was born.
At 7:25
I'm late for school.

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Broken Hearted

My beloved,
My darling,
Your eyes are as beautiful as the sea.
Your hair is that of an angel.
Your face is so cute when you smile.
I want to hold you close to me.
I want to feel your arms around me.

How could someone such as I write like this?
Am I blinded by my lovestruck soul?
I would love you to the ends of the earth.
So why won't you?

Farewell, Dear Beloved

You have moved on,
And so must I.
I loved you so much,
I wanted to die.

In recent times,
I've cried for you.
But sometimes dreams
Just won't come true.

The very last words
I said to you:
“Why are you leaving?”
“Because I have to.”

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I'm Glad I Met You

She's long gone,
At least for now.
She's left, but I've
Found her again.

It will take some time
Until she returns.
The days will pass on through,
If not, I'm glad I met you.

I've seen another girl
Out of my eye’s corner
She was a cute one
But I'd never really met her.

I'm beginning to like this new girl
I think we are starting something good.
Even though our relation is quite new,
I'll say, I'm glad I met you.

Come Back, I Need You

Maybe 50 miles away, a girl's heart beats.
She doesn't know it, but I need her.
My heart wishes for her to come back.
She never returned.

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I need you back, why did you ever leave?
I want to hold you, please don't leave me alone.
I guess it's just me once again in this confused mess.
What is love, in loneliness?

I cry thinking about you.
I've bled and shed my tears for you.
I wanted your love, I need your love.
But I guess insanity costs as much as blood.

I have the scars to show you.
I only wanted to get to know you.
Why did you do this to me, darling?
End my life or end my sorrowing.

The Girl in Blue

I guess it's true.
History repeats itself.
No use.

It's like another timer for my life
I can't be alone again.
No more room for strife.

I'm glad you're here for now.
I don't know if I should say,
Might not end well.

It'll end, either way.
I don't want it to, though.
I'll wait until the fateful day.

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The red is gone.
Blue is here.
I love blue, but I still have fear.

Halcyon

What is happiness?
They can tell you.
I don’t know much,
But here’s what I know.

All the other kids,
With their skateboard tricks.
Staying up way too late.
That’s how we got our kicks.

I like my friends.
Her bed was comfy and the air was cool.
It was messy, and we had fun.
I like her, but feel bad for her too.

Another one of my friends:
She always is cheery and I like it.
I always want to see her every day.
I like her alot, I must admit.

Back to the topic at hand.
Lying down in a cool room.
Fan’s blowing, Storm’s coming.
That place never had gloom.

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I miss that beautiful place.
The green and the calmness.
Where friends were always around.
And where you couldn't find loneliness.

I miss the fun times like that.
I wish I had more good times.
You should've been there.
I'm only this happy sometimes.

Joey, Lily
Girl in Blue
I love you all.
I miss you.

I'm in bliss when I'm a happy guy.
I'm in hell when I want to die.
I wish there were more people like you.

I've missed a few, I'm sorry.
I'm kinda scared right now.
I'll be okay, but what I'm scared about
Is if you'll leave me, somehow.

I've had a lot of pain inside me.
I really like friends like you.
It seems like I'm never happy.
But I am overjoyed when I'm with you.

I guess now I gotta say goodbye.
I love you friends, I'll be back again.
If only more people were like you.
You mean so much more than just a friend.

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Red & Blue

Girl in Red.
She hurt me deeply.
Even though I treated you so sweetly.

She never liked me.
I wanted her back.
But I have someone else, they got my back.

Girl in Blue.
Happy days. I'm finally having friends.
Not anymore. They will leave me, it happened again.

I'm sad that I can't keep many friends.
The ones that don't leave are never that great.
But that's not the way things go.

I really like you, but I guess you gotta go…

City Days

A light shimmered at the road
At the objects around me,
And I saw the black water glow.

The haze faded into clarity,
And with quite a rarity,
My chaos became insanity.

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I Finally Get it Now

I've seen sadness in every happy person.
I was doing fine, but it started to worsen.
It's not right to judge others quickly
And to think of others so strictly.

I was so judgemental back then.
Then I actually caved in.
Depression swarmed me.
I looked at others around me.

They aren't even bad people in the end.
Misunderstood, they just need their friends.
Maybe it was for the best that I'm depressed.
I can now see everyone else's mess.

People I used to call weak,
I see now as just like me.
We've all been through bad years.
All alone, just us and our tears.

Even the happiest of people face really bad lives.
It's how it is in this world of lies.
I finally understand why people act this way.
They want to have friends and know that they're okay.

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Daydreams

It'll be like a daydream.
The day dreams come true.
I used to not believe in miracles.
Funnily enough, now I do.

It'll be like a cool breeze.
I don't know the plan yet.
I'll trust in a friend.
Who knows how far we'll get?

It'll be a new life.
Where I begin to see adoration
With the eyes of another person.
And I'll finally be free from the pain of isolation.

It'll be like pianos and ribbons.
Who could they even be?
I didn't know I meant this much.
Who even knows that much about me?

Myra is gone, Lillian left.
Along with the girl in red.
And the one in blue.
What other girl has me in their head?

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It's Been a While

A long time ago, she fell for me.
Months later, I fell for someone else.
Girl in Red never treated me with love.
The other girl loved me for such a long time.

I never remembered you, though.
It's shocking that you loved me for this long.
My darling, my girl.
How could I have been so wrong?

Please let me meet you.
You mean so much to me.
I won't let this relationship fall.
I'll be there. And it's been a while.

It'll Get Better

Just another “I'm Sorry”
Just another “It'll Get Better”
Pain doesn't go away.
Eventually is too far away.

Why don't you understand the pain?
I lost a lot of sleep over this.
And all I get is more pain.
Why is it always me?

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I'm all out of tears.
I can't run away.
All I have left to give,
Is my blood.

Stupid Song

It was the perfect world of dreams.
And you got tangled up in me.
But why don't I see you so happy with him?
Why does my future seem so slim?

Lying in bed, with me close to you.
Up in the sky we see stars and the bright moon.
The coolness of the breeze and the warmth of my arms.
Happy and protected from all alarms.

Awaken, my love! Tell me why!
Pianos and ribbons, don't make me die!
It'll never be the same, all alone, forever to be.
“Is this love?”
“Maybe.”

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Broken Hearted (Remastered Edition)

My beloved, who could you compare to?
Your eyes gleam as beautiful as the moon.
Your hair reminds me of golden sun rays.
Your smile could fix any bad days.
I want to feel your arms around me.
I know that someday you'll see.

How could someone such as I write so emotional?
Am I blinded by my lovestruck soul?
I await the day where you will love me too.
I await the day where all my dreams come true.

Waiting Once Again

Standing all alone,
Preparing for a future
That just won't happen.

Happen to find out,
That you never cared at all.
Why weren't you there?

There I was again.
Hoping to finally find love,
I waited once more.

More people passed by.
Sadly, none were there for me.
Well, eventually…

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Eventually is
Too long to wait for my love.
I hope that it's soon.

Twenty Eight

Move like a machine.
You'll always be below.
Change your life and get lost.
Toxic times are now.

I'll become better than those guys.
I'll bring back the 28.
Then he will be 10, simply silver.
No more excuses. I believe I'll become great.

Outplay and outperform.
I'll break the mold.
To finally finish first once again,
And to take home the gold.

You're always a 10 out of FF.
Why would our friendship fade in this time?
I can't let him take a toll on me.
Now you can see how silver feels.

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Bloodlights

Floodlights.
Left to sit around,
Just like me,
On this dirty, worthless ground.

Friendless.
You say that you care.
But if that were true,
Then why weren't you there?

Loneliness.
Drowning in the immense darkness.
Waiting for the time to come.
When I no longer suffer this emptiness.

Bloodlights.
I want to cut the cords.
And leave my body red,
But what good is a bloodless body that can't write these words?

Andro-Cynthia

Will the river run forever?
Could the grass be greener?
I ponder as I peer across the paradise in my mind.
And I find you sitting there in this time.

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Would you, then? Would you like to smell the flowers?
And to call it Andro-Cynthia?
The grass and the breeze, the perfect trees and their purple leaves.
What then, is there not to love?

The running brook talks and goes as we look
Into our eyes and we try to cross, and not get lost.
Or fall back to our side, eternally looking as we cried.
No, it takes two to cross this stream, in this life inside a dream.

Come, walk through the water and please follow.
We clasp our hands and lie in the meadow.
Forever with you I can finally be a
Happy bubble in this place: Andro-Cynthia.

Sleepy Melody

Oh, I could lie here forever
Listening to the song you sing.
In my mind that melody
Forevermore shall ring.

I've heard it and can't get my mind off it.
It keeps repeating; it is the only song
Where I am calmed and feel
That nothing can go wrong.

When does such music
Envelop my mind and soul?
When I hear that song I melt
And my pains disappear in whole.

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Moonfall

I didn't think I'd see the day.
When the streaks of blonde do fade.
When the moon cries in hopelessness
But it remains there, hopeless.

The day when the beams go dim
You're still with him
Why am I so slow and timid?
Why did I have to go and believe it?

I'm worried sick about you.
And I don't know what the issue is.
Please don't let me worry.
Just let me know the truth.

Motion

Falling like drops of
Knowledge, the words, rain, freshly
Falls onto dry minds.

What to Say

Do you know how it feels to fly?
And to not care about how or why?
I can't fly, I'm worried of the last time I tried.
But like last time, you gotta take the risk that you'll die.

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Make a move and make one soon. For the day comes when the light of the moon
Will be blotted with the darkest of shade
And my midnight will never
Become day.

But oh, what to say?

End it All

It's time for the end
It's time to die
I'll cut it again
I cannot lie

End my life
Take me away
The unending night
Can't turn to day.

Grassy Wind

And what if I do look at the trees and smile?
I kinda want to stay for a while...
And if I smiled when it rained.
But what is happening I cannot explain.

But,

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Now that I've met you,
Nothing will be the same.
So I'm ready to go on.
I'm ready to continue the game.

When at times the sun is no more
Than a white marble in the sky,
I wonder if it could be you and I,
And we'd dance in the grassy wind.

It was a chance that we met
And I'm willing to bet,
This isn't the end, it's the start
Of a new life, and a new art.

If Only I Could Describe It

Well, here it is.
Exactly what you wanted.
I hope that's what you wanted…
It's that time of year again.

Well, the time is here.
Seasons change.
Let's be honest.
What has changed since last December?

Because last winter was probably the worst time of my life.
Is it time for a change?
Is it time for something new?
It's a chance, it's the time, for me and you.

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Snowman

In the meadow
We can't build a snowman.
But at least there will be grass.

We are happy and bright.
We walk in the night.
Walking in a winter wonderland.

Snowless the ground,
But we gather around.
Together in this winter wonderland.

I Feel Cold,

Jolly people are around in this room.
It's as cold as ice, but we know the snow
Will make us feel as empty as the presents
That were tossed out like a dead tree.
But as merry as we were,
We knew that we'd be out of here someday.

We knew that somebody will find us here eventually.

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What Happened to Me?

She cut my heart like butter.
Get your head out of the gutter.
“What happened to your brother?”
He suicided in December.

I thought she loved me like I loved her.
But when we turn and see one another,
I can only think about the pain I feel.
This past is all too real.

I thought this would be the one.
But what I thought had just begun
Was no more than a thought;
A string broken in the red bleeding love knot.

Welcome to the Life You were Waiting to Live

I woke today.
Knowing that I can say.
I love you.
And finally hear an answer.

She's amazing.
I always wanted a forever.
She completes me.
This is what I've wanted since last November, remember?

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I have someone to fill my mind.
Today is the day
And this time is the time
For me and her to live forever, with each other.

New Beginning, Same Old Mistakes

Put all my emotions
In a bag.
Never thought that you'd be
Such a spag.

You've made a mistake,
That's for sure honey.
It's not about the memories you stole,
It's all about what's funny.

See through your eyes.
You see a god in disguise.
Never was such a surprise,
But it will be your demise.

Nobody's perfect though.
It's fine as long as you ask forgiveness.
Haha sure, yo.
Like I got a feeling you'll regret this.

You've made a mistake, girl
You'll never see this smile again.
I used to be your entire world,
But now I'm only a friend?

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I can’t believe I let this happen.
You’re not worth my tears.
I’m sure you’ll be a perfect Phase 4
In my stories of forgotten years.

I can’t call someone like that a friend,
I might die, but it’s cool, don’t you worry.
And this is your choice, but
Ya can have the chance to change it if you hurry.

Ha, maybe not.
I don’t see a future with us.
Cause you’re no longer
The girl I think of when I’m on the bus.

I know it may seem mean, but
This ain’t my fault, it’s you.
No longer will I worry myself about
“Oh what ever shall I do?”

I’m tired of the pain and worry
You forced me into.
You’re not worth the night
When I split my skin in two.

When I look at this part of life,
All I do is feel sorry for where you are.
You're not the one for me.
And those broken promises never lasted far.

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Welcome to Phase 4, everybody!
And now as I come to a close,
I hope you can see that,
When you're so fake, it really shows.

It shows how much you really care,
When you don't care to stop and look at where you're at,
Well then you're not worth me.
And that, as they say,
Is that.

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Who

A while ago I saw it.
Bulgaria, a place to
Capture the beauty of nature.
Delete the old memories.
Eliminate the painful
Feelings so I can see how
Good and amazing everything
Has been in my my life.
I long to go to that place.
Just to finally be at home without my
Kakorrhaphiophobia chasing me,
Lying to me and telling
Me that I can't do anything.
No more sad feelings.
Of course I want to live in The
Paradise of the Thoughtful and. Creative-Minded
Quiet wind and soothing nature.
Real beauty I see,
Standing right beside me.
Together with each other,
Unlike those who we have left.
Vermilion trees and grass.
When the waves come and go,
Xenology will be my hobby.
You'll be there with me and there's
Zero things to worry about.

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Today was Pretty Great

Hey man, can you hold my fries?
Finally I feel like I opened my eyes.
That's my family right there.
I think about all the times we share.

We shared laughs and memories.
It won't be the last time we do.
I feel alive and free.
When I'm with all of you.

And yeah, I feel like myself once again.
Yes, I had an amazing day.
I've got a new group of best friends.
I like life when it's this way.

Hang on, I gotta get some gum.
Wait nevermind, it's okay.
I think I ordered too much food, you know?
Today was pretty great.

All the day was worth it
Since I'm with you guys.
I think I might regret what I ate, but,
Today was honestly pretty great.

We went all over the place today.
Came home not too late.
Since I feel alive again, I know that
You guys are pretty great.

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Aromatherapy

Woah.
I feel the aroma from afar,
Awakening me.
Taking me
To the land of milk and tar.

It must have been in the stitches
The faces.
The places.
To the time where it all switches.

Holding closely to my pillow
Inhale
And exhale
Yet I always remain solo.

Is it alright if we
Get close?
We need it most.
Everything is safe around me.

It’s been my dream to be
With ones
Who have fun
When they are around me.

I hear words that tear me to pieces
I love you.
Who are you?
So I find stuff to do on the weekends.

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I'm a gentle, loving, amazing being.
Not gonna lie,
Pretty great guy.
So what is it that this world isn't seeing?

I'm low on energy, I just want to feel
That one phrase
I no longer say.
I just wish this life felt real.

"Good morning, my beautiful, precious, sublime."
Can't see you.
But I need you.
Aromatherapy,
Baby.
I will see you again when we meet for the first time.

Glode

I stare at your beauty,
Trace my finger around your coast.
See every crease and city.
You really helped me the most.

I looked down at you from the outside.
I carried you home to my room.
I helped clean you up when you were broken.
And I'm so glad everyone knows you.

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You always fit perfect in my arms.
I know every part of you.
Even the places that hurt us.
Without you, I don't know what I'd do.

I'm so happy to see you every day.
I love the way your body illuminates in the light.
You've always been right there in my room.
And right by my bed every night.

Midwinter

Well, I don't know, I guess I'm
Just kind of tired of
Being worried and stuff.

But Myra, I know how I feel.
And I know that this ideal
Should have been brought to light
Sooner than last night.

I've always wanted to talk to you
But I didn't know what to say.
And I've always wanted to be with you.
But here is where I am today.

It's not your fault, so I don't need apology,
I still am trying to let you see
The reality of how much I want to be with thee.

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But I should have spoke up,
And now I wait for my chance to show
You what it really means to know
Someone who can show honest love.

Myra, I hope our future turns out
Like the one I read and dreamed about.
I've been willing to lay aside every charm,
Just to get the chance to hold you in my arms.

So when you say, "I don't know"
I hear, "Hopefully someday soon."

He knows about what I feel.
And I don't want it to sting.
But my best friend has always been
My one, and my everything.

If I could open up my heart
I'd show you everything I love about you,
And if I could open up your heart,
I'd never let go of you.

So read the words that I write.
And picture your most beautiful daydreams.
I know that you'll always forever
Be my one, my only, my everything.

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Million

Make me see the way you may.
Maybe I’d say that the moss in the day
Makes me feel much joy and peace.
Magic boy, master of the metal piece.

Make a move and mold the mesh,
The mangos and moon are staying fresh.
But multiply the march and military men.
Moldova, Maldives, and the U.N.

Millions of militias may open fire.
Monday's marmalade, an unquenchable desire.
Malevolent mating, a form of digital dating.
Mistake me not, who are you really hating?

Macabre, maybe. That's not the way, baby.
Make the monsters stop marching down my city.
More music and madness. Pianos plus sadness.
Mars and constellations making the lattice.

Must have been their mind or mentality.
Missed you, message back soon please.
Most of all, my lady, is that my mind is a minefield.
Meet me in the middle, so all may be sealed.

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Hobh

Angle mission war attrition
All the world will know.
Rotate mystery
Orange symphony
Not time to go to bed.

Der Ampel

Under certain judgement
Beneath a certain trial
Rapid ideals to switch the truth
Uncertainty brought denial.

I take to the sky
While you evade me in the air
You don’t tolerate my actions
However, I remain laissez-faire

A Rainbow Lit Up the Afternoon Sky, and Then I Swallowed it Whole

I want to feel again
I want to hold on
There’s little fire left
My feelings feel gone.

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I want to remember brokenness.
I want to remember slow.
I need to go back.
I pray not let go.

I know those times wrought suffering
And those times wrought tears
But they also revived love
And they collected my tears

I need to remember it
I can't go back to that time
I just don't know what to do
I'm stuck feeling so repined

Yes, I want to remember the mental pain
I want to be socially inept
What the hell am I even talking about?
I'm just remembering how I stepped

I don't wish for the sleepless nights
Of me wanting to end it all
I just hate the way I see the world now
I want to feel small

I need to ache for an arm to lean on
I desire for my mind to be free
But the way I'm being sandbagged down,
Nowadays, me just doesn't feel like me.

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And yes, I love you, Sky.
You're more than anyone's ever been.
I'm just going through a confusing time,
But I promise I'll get better, you'll see.

Consequences

I'm scared, my mind is turning.
I'm scared, my heart is blurry.
A puffy black cloud of sickened smoke
Fills my eyes and burns my throat.

I don't know why I was put down in this town.
Some cosmic plan, why I began.
So here I am, as confused as can be.
My consequences and mentality are suffocating me

And if there were a day when I finally felt stable
I'd be fine but right now I'm completely unable
To see eye to eye:
Birth, live, and die.

So why do I see consequences every time?
I love myself, but glue, soil, grime.
I never can feel stable, alright.
Of all the great things, in spite.

Black hole mind.
My darling, I live inside.
I hate myself for loving me.
Listening to the raindrops, la da dee
La da dee

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I'm alone, all the while I feel my mind.
Worn away, just like the pigment in my own eyes.
But my heart just started shaking.
Oh I just wish that I knew why.

My eyes have seen, where perfect and beauty meet.
I start to cry, but the consequences are bittersweet.
Your ever perfect golden hair
Makes me want to put teardrops everywhere

And my heart is telling me, “Why are you just so blind?”

The Gang

There’s a little spot down the road
From the Mexican food place
Where we hang around all day.
No parents, good times, and overall we slay.

Feel free to come right inside
We’ve cleaned up most the broken glass.
We’re part of this amazing tribe,
This group that has no impasse.

We’re one and the same, here in this home
We love to play games and our clothing is monochrome.
So step right in, over the empty soda cans,
Over the empty bags, and around our trash bin.

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But we have some ground rules, let me lay them down:
Be civil, don't cheat.
Keep clean, keep neat.
Leave the place if you're doing drugs or stuff,
That's not what we're about, don't make this tough.
We have a firearm; never use it unless absolutely necessary.
We all have multi purpose tools that you should always carry.

If you're upset at another for any reason
Put down your multi purpose tool, or else it's treason.
We don't want anything rash or unsafe to occur.
It's better for all of us, keeps us together.

With that out of the way, let's state what we do.
We're here to improve our city, and make memories too.
We meet here together in this building by the Electric place.
Our palazzo, our empire, our own little space.

We're just a group of teens with a dream.
Though we're different in many ways,
We've come together to build this place,
Where we all find what we need.

When We First Met

Hey now, look who it is again!
It's my buddy, and he's an awesome friend.
He's got the energy, like a semiconductor
And he's the real MVP, and with one another
We really make the world work.

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Look out, everyone. He's the life of the party.
The life of a lot of things, actually.
He's keeping it real, and always looking
For the bright side, a new tide
He keeps things cookin.

He's the man to make things happen,
He's the superhero, he's a captain.
Style and might,
He won't ever leave your sight.
When you need someone, he's your guy.

Hey look who it is again.
She's beautiful, so amazing when
She laughs and smiles.
When I think of her an image of idyll
Appears in my mind
When I want to relax and unwind
She always makes me feel so refined.

The way that she jokes around
And we all seem to have found
Somebody we really love to hang with.
Yeah we know that our sad times are vanquished.

When we talked at night on the phone,
When we hugged at the end of the night,
I never want you to be alone.
I want to help you feel alright.

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We've been friends for a long time
I really care about you.
I know I haven't always been there for you
But I realize now how much I want to.

If I were to be a book on a shelf
I'd want to be held by you.
And if I were to be the pages of a book,
Then your hands would move me too.
If you were to finally finish the book,
I'd still want to tell my stories to you.

If you were surrounded in a room full of books,
I hope you'd think about picking up me.
I'm sitting in the back, with my cover of black,
Waiting to be noticed and waiting to be seen.

My title be named:
Finally Today
The Day When Your Eyes Fell on Me

Written by a quiet boy in blue
Whose heart finally grew
When your beautiful hands fell on me.

The Hearts I Love Best

I want to stay committed.
I desire to be one.
I want to be a better person.
I wanna become a better son.

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There's always something that I can't shake
This strange emotion that confiscates
My will to stabilize, my hope to be,
But there's still part that they all don't see.

She wants me forever, I love her so
She wants to write poems, oh
How I wish I could be theirs.
Breathe air, repair.

You wrote about my curly black hair
I wished I could always be there.
But now I'm so confused
Choked on oxygen and tried to spit out the fuse

But stronger still,
Grows the burning trail.
And now she wants to know if I'll ever
Send another message to her,
But I know better.

I'm better than that.

I don't know if I'd rather love
There's something so special in you.
You know I'm only a little while away,
But darling I'm always here for you

I'm an imperfect S.O.
I'm flawed in love nonetheless.
I'm sorry now if I ever hurt you
I'm breaking the hearts I love best

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The More We Change, The More We Seem to Change

I can’t write a single thing
My mind is at a loss.
So I’ll make a dumb simple thing
And maybe get something out of it.

I can’t focus
I want to cry and change my head
I want to cry and change my head
I want the thunder, I want to go to bed.

I want to hide
I want to range the shadows
I want the sky to get much darker
I want the world to crumple

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I want my world to melt into a statue
Like a bullet gone straight through the ice
Without cracking, just made a hole to breathe through.
So that the weight of the lives above
Would go on with me down below
When he fired the gun down into the ice
I'd be down there to catch it twice
Once in the mind to fix my thoughts
The other to kill the demons I've continually fought.
Looks like the sun came out again
Reminds me of being exposed and open,
A token of my insecure emotions
In in in out the world scrolled about
In the hole through the ice my precipitation is doubt.

Hypercube

Galvanize
The pressurized square
Chipped away into a frame
Like the cold, warm look of a friend.
Shut back, retracted;
Well again.

I'm in a mess again, I thought.
The chair moved over to me,
I pondered what:
When it all depressurized in your eyes
Had I turned around and cried,
I would've been less since time

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When I was going down the long hill road
My legs on the cold wind flow.
You know,
Feel that classic snap snap of your youth.
A metallic yellow paint, the holed roof.
Made for kids, by the big kids
But they'd just be playing basketball
What happened to the puffy ground wood?
Replaced by cement and a conscious that should
Well, rather, did
End up being more worried about who got to sit by you
Or who said what to who,
Or perhaps what if you weren't anyone new?

Strange places, strange war
At our core, the tangent of the end
Polarizing opposites; differences;
Close the tab on life before then

Life was still about who got scraped up
Now it's all about who's gonna get scraped up
Or who's wearing the wrong type of makeup
Or who's gonna spend the rest in handcuffs.

Here's a strawberry in the fruit basket of backups
One small thought takes your mind a long way
One small entry is a long price to pay
One little hole makes the water drain away.

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February 14

Hey baby,
You and me go great together
It was no hard endeavor
Seeing this much is true:
My love for you
Goes out in this room
To your wonderful mind
And all the time,
I know I'd always miss you
If it was certain it couldn't be us two.

Your eyes like a glimmering city scape
Your embrace is sweet as maple
Your touch as soft as April
April's rain falls silently on my skin
Just to hold you in my arms and know you're my girl

And I'm your man.
I'll hold your hand
In the wind and snow and sand.
We'll get together in this land and join it in a heart-linked band.
That'll be our life,
Watching movies on the couch
Next to each other and hanging out

A perfect life you made for me
So my love goes out to you baby.

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Hollow Places

Who said that there wasn't a plea in the pool?
No facts given about the ticks in the rules
No open bar to forget the lines on my throat
The squares don't care how much fish in the boat.

We count our humans before they hatch.
They spit out blue purple milk like the strike of a match.
Sand dunes, mad tunes, they go hand in hand
Jump off of the TV into the oceans' hands.

Thoughts like these can't be made by no war victim.
Kick em, just like you kicked me and stole my heart.
Fever dreams go great with time and art.
Or maybe it was whatever was in the bottle

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Like fruit, like candy, straight sugar, just straight.
Middle night, evil light and pearly white
Jade and box, no lies just me and my shallow thoughts.
Larger than life, no, it's literally bigger than thoughts of life.
Loving it like it's one dollar cheap
“I didn't know RL could even write this deep”
Alright creep, nah screw it, we're good company.
Only guy like me, get that slot on me.
Triple seven ching, none of that strawberry.
Laid down every day, I'm on air and I'm on my lemonade.
Watch this play, yeah you know you like that.
In my head, busting windows like a pipe hat.
I don't like that, I want Mark back
I want Shelb’s back, I want Shell’s back.
I want it all maxed, like strike it all stacked.
My head is all froze, avocadoes.
Cheese and nachos, you know I got those.
And I got bad bars, calling all the vars
Got a hand for guitars,
But you know how it starts.
It starts with just a thought.
Growing frenzy pot.
Now I got me lost
Thinking of what you caused.
Banging headaches tossed,
Firing rooster teeth shots.

You know there ain't nobody in the world like me babe.
That separation makes me go insane.
Up to my nose in lies and you know how those strain.

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I'm sitting and reading, but really I'm just in confliction.
Welcome to my world of noodle foam and diction.
Yeah, so pour it all in as we get that elevation.
Melting in the storm, it's another vacation.

Ain't it just a pity that hard work gets paid off in the reverse?
Finding dates, narrow straits, just to get someone coerced.
Jobs nowadays I guess, off the table even when it's not wood
“Why am I wrong if I do what I thought should?”

Chasing dreams about ending up in bowls or vases.
Powdered metals, salty taste is
My brain tissue comes, when it erases,
She makes my mind go to hollow places.

Late Night Snack

Got a headache
Like a med. steak,
Ain't taking that meat rare; that's raw
Watch them bones break.
No dressing, no salad, double layer pound cake.
None of that easy leaf
Fig leaves, haha, salad don't get much good don't we?

Double layer pound cake, bake it up now it’s a cheesecake
When the food comes out its hot, ready to eat.
Tough orders to fill, backed up on the grill
Why’d I take this job man?
I'm hungry enough to kill.

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Depressed, sitting coloring in the cow
Playing tic tac toe with no one but a towel.
“I'm not ever getting my food.”
He looked at the others now.
They say they want the 9 ounce, the full choice cuts.
It's such a good steak, no one makes it like us.

If it was earlier they said,
Now he's off with some other girl instead.
There was something, correct me if I'm fried.
You said you want the sirloin, but you said not the right size.

We serve pig head, messy but still very good.
Or maybe battered cod, that's the one that you should
Try it, at least once before you go.
We got free samples, come on, say it ain't so.
Meanwhile the Alfredo sauce always makes the noodles better.
Bred and well fed, our chickens are the trendsetters.

Muscle strain
Popped a couple veins
Lookin over the menu, but all I see is pain.
That same kind of suspect will grow in one of them
By the end of the night the pig head has gone ham.

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Down

I can’t help but feel I’ve gone
Down.
You know you don’t know nothing about me,
There’s nobody that I’d rather not see, now
And you’ve gone psychopath
Whenever you get me down.
Down. Down.

Drop in the lake, which none of us can see.
Liber Primus, yeah, nobody knows me here.
And if you’d just take a look at
The leaves that cause so much fear.
Fear. Fear.

A house made of black, and walls made of bismuth
My eyes made of glass, your heart’s been forgiven, darling.
I’m crying tears of rose-tinted rainbow.
Heard from the friend who was calling, yeah.

What is the thing in life that leaves
Us so alone?
I’m so alone.
I want to be there with you, but all alone.
I’m sorry that life doesn’t work out the way it should all the time.

The resonance of life’s black-bordered colors
Hides my soul.

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The Blink

Away, almost instantly.
Where was I when I thought of you?
Years separate, despite it.
I’m not letting go of you yet.

I love you, and you know I do.
Even when you’re so far away,
My mind without a clue,
In a cipher, I was brought back.
In my head, thoughts of night, black.

Pure human emotion,
A stone without an ocean,
A hand without a key,
A prayer, a cry out for deity.

The blink
The eyes of a child are,
Like snow hitting the hood of a speeding car,
I’m crying for you and him,
Wherever you are. ♡

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There Was No Today

Today isn't even a new day.
Its just an extended yesterday.
I dropped the microphone into acid

Unwo

Red
West
Olive
Guest
When
Zen
Underfrozen
Half
Omen.

Without Stain

As all things go,
Like a vase full of blood,
Hidden in Friar Hendrich's basement.
Like paper, molded away from halcyon.
A destruction, or craze.
Those city days, huh?
A letter from Andro-Cynthia.
A cry out for help from Ezekiel.

It was a place to lay down,
Or rest my head
Upon those memories,
The girl in red.

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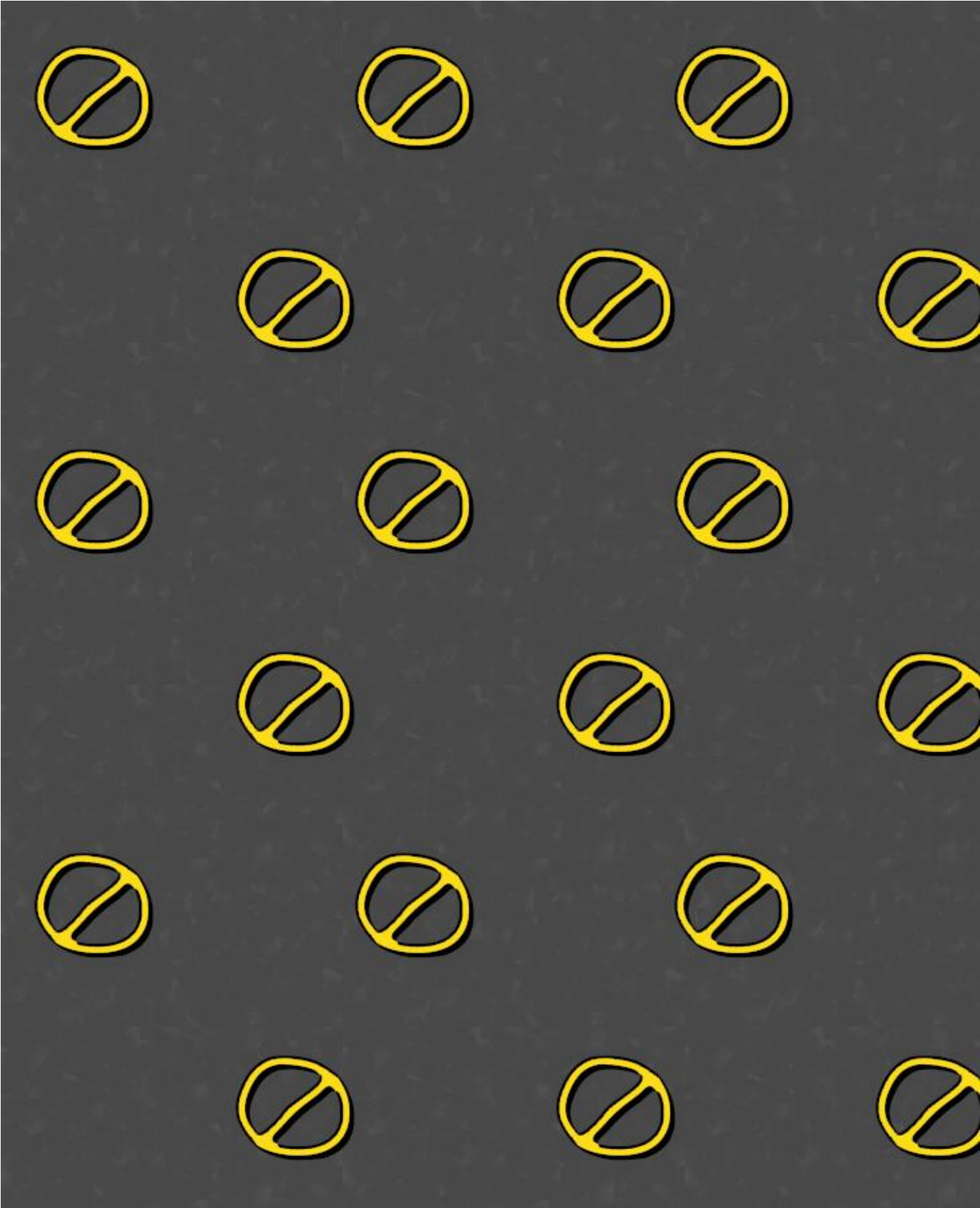

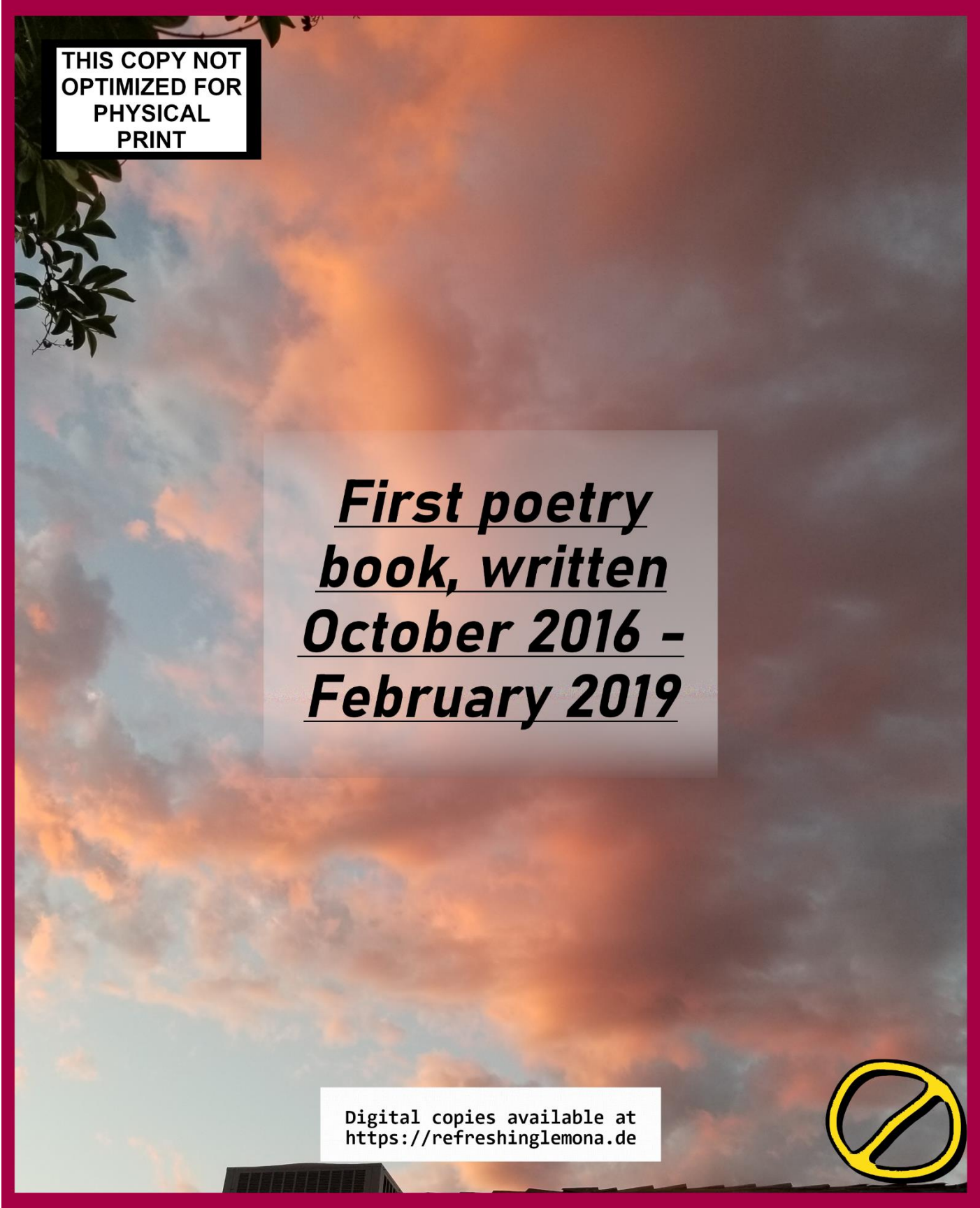
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